

OUR DUMB

animals



"THE GRASS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE"

-- Photo, Georgia Engelhard



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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typed, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

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What is Fundamental in Education?

THREE is no doubt that many an educator looks upon what is called "Humane Education" as a more or less trivial affair. Throughout our schools and colleges at the present day there runs primarily the idea that the training of the intellect is the chief thing to be sought. It needs but a slight knowledge of history to realize that the advantages of the higher education are no guarantee of moral character or of good citizenship. Some of the greatest crimes of history have been committed by men of keen intellectual power and wide knowledge.

It may be doubted if any thoughtful man will deny the assertion that the springs of action and the forces that determine conduct are to be found in what may justly be called "man's emotional nature." All the things that make for character have their seat there. Justice, compassion, friendship, goodwill, the spirit that binds man to man, that works for peace, and stands over against what seems to be nature's law of the survival of the fittest, come to us out of that realm that humanity has ever spoken of as "the heart." Wherever, therefore, the chief aim of the educator has been to train the intellect, neglecting this other side of man's being, he has missed the goal; the supreme goal that should have been the aim of his calling.

Humane Education, while recognizing the value of scientific, literary, and philosophical training, seeks to go deep into the life of the younger generations; deep enough to reach the home of those emotions and impulses which are the determining factors in the development of human character.

Unless back of all that our schools and colleges are so largely seeking there is an awakened sense of justice and kindness, those who issue from these institutions may use what they have acquired only to destroy the highest social and industrial welfare of their state and nation. Teacher after teacher has borne witness to this truth: That the child trained to deal with the animal world about him according to the teaching of the Golden Rule will grow into manhood constantly moved to apply this same law in determining his relations to his human fellows.

(Reprinted by request)

American Humane Association Greeting Card Scheme Opposed by the New England Federation

At the recent annual meeting of the New England Federation of Humane Societies, the scheme of The American Humane Association, Albany, N. Y., to send out greeting cards, unordered by the recipients, to residents of every state, was brought up by several of the delegates.

After a very thorough discussion of the matter, the following resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote, delegates from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut casting their ballots:

"VOTED: That it is the unanimous opinion of the delegates of the New England Federation of Humane Societies, met together for its annual meeting, May 12, 1950, that said organization is unalterably opposed to the practice of sending unsolicited greeting cards by The American Humane Association into New England. And it hereby instructs its President to inform said organization that the scheme to mail unordered merchandise as opposed by the National Better Business Bureau be stopped immediately in the New England States, such practice being detrimental to the character of the entire humane movement."

Quoting from *The Bulletin* of the Boston Better Business Bureau under date of November 3, 1949, the following appears under the heading "Unordered Merchandise":

"The National Better Business Bureau considers the sending of merchandise without an order to be an *unfair business practice* and recommends against its use. We advise the public that: Recipients of unordered merchandise are *not* obliged to acknowledge its receipt; to return it; to pay for it, unless used; to give it particular care; to keep it beyond a reasonable period of time. Recipients of unordered merchandise are obliged to surrender it to the shipper, or his agent, if called for *in person* within a reasonable period of time—in which event the recipient may demand the payment of storage charges before relinquishing it."

In another issue of *The Bulletin* under the heading, "The Unordered Merchandise Nuisance," the National Better Business Bureau speaks of this practice as

an *unmitigated nuisance* and as *an evil*.

In the light of such condemnation on the part of those who have studied this problem for many years, the delegates felt that such a practice on the part of The American Humane Association was a reflection on the good character of every society in the country and that it would harm the humane cause.

It is to be hoped that other societies, other federations and conferences will add their voices in protest that our good names may not be questioned in the minds of our friends and members.

The meeting, itself, was opened by Dr. Francis H. Rowley who gave the invocation, following which he made the annual award of the American Humane Education Society, the National Humane Key, to Mrs. John R. Rathom. In giving the key to Mrs. Rathom, Dr. Rowley had this to say:

"Mrs. Rathom, a great many people in this and other lands have worked for Humane Education and for the greatest spread of the spirit of kindness to every living thing that has any capacity for suffering.

"There was Henry Bergh, who founded the first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in this country, and there was also George Thorndike Angell and many others; but few among them, I think, have given any more of

devotion and service, and even financial help, than you.

"Today, I have been asked by our President, Dr. Eric H. Hansen, to present to you, as one of the finest and noblest characters to spread abroad that beautiful spirit of kindness, our National Humane Key."

Following this ceremony, President Reed W. Hitchcock introduced John C. Macfarlane, Director of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.'s Livestock Loss Prevention Department. Mr. Macfarlane related to the delegates his Department's plans to reduce losses caused by careless handling and neglect.

Next followed a discussion among President Hitchcock, Carlton E. Buttrick, president of the Animal Rescue League of Boston, and Dr. Eric H. Hansen, president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. concerning dog-surrender legislation.

The afternoon sessions started with a talk by Mr. Allen Loeb, Animal Welfare League, New Haven, Connecticut, who spoke of the Junior Humane Societies in his state, which he helped organize in 1930. Mr. Loeb then introduced Miss Gertrude Clarke of New Haven, who described interestingly how this work is being carried forward in the schools.

(Continued on page 13)



Mrs. John R. Rathom receiving Humane Key from Dr. Francis H. Rowley.

He Wears His Back Door

By Hallie Holmes

THE oddest and perhaps least known of our animal friends is the armadillo. This curious creature of hair, scales and flesh ordinarily moves along rather slowly, but he can scuttle rapidly if he is in danger. He and "cousins" of many species live from Texas to the Argentine. The true armadillo is found in South America. He is covered with a shell-like armor, not unlike that of an alligator. His name, of Spanish origin, in fact, suggests armor.

Moving about chiefly at night, the South American armadillo makes a curious picture. His eyes and ears are exceptionally small and he has no teeth. He lives almost entirely under ground, like a mole. His hind part looks as if he had met up with a buzz saw, leaving a squarely cut rear end which is covered by a horny shield, hard and glasslike. The part not covered by this armor of scales is covered with long hair.

The Clamyphorous, or South American armadillo rests on the ground like a tortoise most of the time, but when attacked by a snake or other enemy he digs with his powerful spade-like claws, wedges his body tightly into the ground. Then his rear shield becomes a strong, securely sealed back door closing the burrow and protecting him from harm. Thus, he has become known as "The Animal That Wears His Back Door."

Some of his "cousins," although not as unusual in form, are unique. One has thin bands of shells, connected by bands of skin and is able to roll himself into a hard ball, pull in his legs and feet and prevent surface attacks.

Another has plates of horns, joined by



Photo by courtesy The Travelers, Hartford

The harmless armadillo is one of the oddest of animals.

flexible bands. The sharp edges of his armor are used to lacerate the flesh of his enemies.

Ranging in length of from five or six inches to several feet, he is quite unlike the anteater to whom he is related. Like the anteater, his tongue is coated with a sticky fluid, but he cannot protrude his tongue. He lives chiefly on roots and fruits but some armadillos do eat lizards, insects, worms and snails.

Friends who have traveled in South America tell of restaurants that serve armadillo steaks, but few people admit really liking them. Some say they taste somewhat like chicken others say the meat is so strongly flavored by the decayed matter that they eat that it is generally distasteful.

Like a knight in armor, the armadillo

goes confidently along, secure in the knowledge that his coat of defensive curious scales will protect him from harm.

The armadillo of our own country, found in the Lone Star state, is somewhat different from others of the family, since its young usually number from four to ten, while the South American species bear only one or two at a time.

This native of Texas ordinarily measures about a yard in length, half of this length being its own long, dark brown tail, which is ringed by overlapping shells. On its body, this creature carries nine bands of shell which is black for the most part, with markings of light yellow. Between this shell and the creature's head, protrude large ears, rather like those of a mule.

"Tam" Comes Home

By Charles R. Strivings

After completing a 1,400 mile trip a short time ago, "Tam O'Shanter," a two-year-old collie, was probably one of the happiest dogs anywhere in the United States. I might add that his mistress, Sandra Ross of Syracuse, New York, was very happy too.

A little over a year ago Sandra's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Ross, accompanied by Tam O'Shanter, were motoring in Florida. Returning to their car, after stopping at a gasoline station in Fort Lauderdale for gas and refreshments, Mr. and Mrs. Ross discovered that Tam O'Shanter was missing. Much loud whistling and thorough search of the grounds in and about the gas station failed to locate the dog.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross continued on their trip, very much dismayed over the fact that Tam O'Shanter was among the missing, and their unsuccessful attempts to find him.

In due course they arrived home, where they broke the heartbreaking news to Sandra, that Tam O'Shanter had become separated and lost from them at Fort Lauderdale.

Sandra at first was heart-broken, but did not give up hope that they might hear that Tam O'Shanter had been found and be returned to her.

The days passed and became weeks, the weeks became months and still Sandra hoped against hope that Tam O'Shanter would be found and be returned to her. As the months went by and still no word that her dog had been found, Sandra slowly but surely gave up all hope that Tam O'Shanter would be found.

Six months, nine months passed, and then just about a year after Tam O'Shanter had been lost down in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, Mr. Ross read in the Syracuse Post-Standard about a collie dog that a kennel owner, from near-by Mexico, New York, had found wandering about the Syracuse business district. The description given was very much like that of Tam O'Shanter, and the kennel owner said further in describing the dog: "He was weak from lack of food and the pads of his feet were worn and sore."

Acting upon the chance that this might possibly be Tam O'Shanter, because of the sore feet, which indicate that the dog had walked a great distance, who ever he was, Mr. and Mrs. Ross drove to Mexico to visit the kennel.

Evidently the dog recognized the Rosses before they did him, for on sighting them, Mr. Ross said: "Tam O'Shanter came running, nearly turning himself inside out with joy."

Friends

This little story just goes to show that even so called dumb animals, like most humans, have a sense of fair play even when dealing with an enemy.

A mongrel dog chasing an alley cat became caught between two buildings. The cat stopped running, and when he saw the dog's plight, started meowing until he attracted the attention of a passerby who freed the dog.

The cat wouldn't leave the dog's side, until the canine was released.

—George Isaac, Jr.

Cats Are Loyal Pets

By James S. Morris

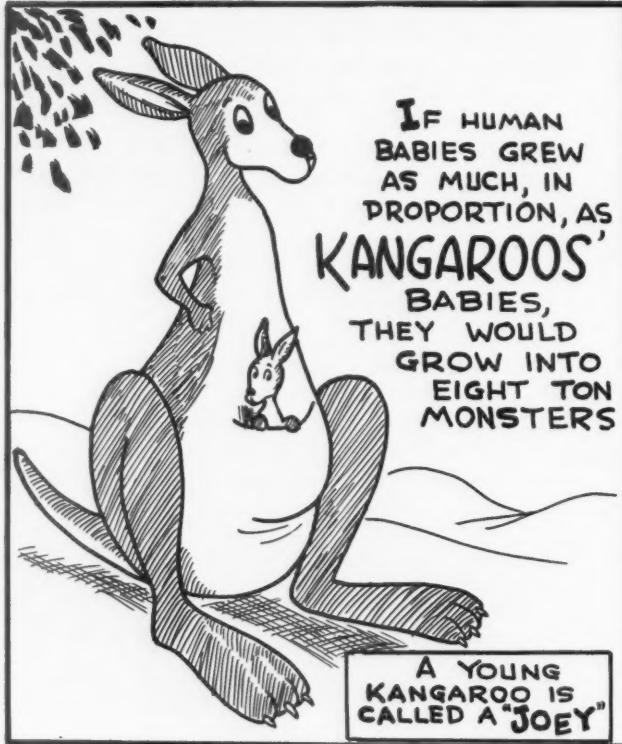
SKEPTICS scoff at the idea that cats are as loyal as dogs to their masters. The skeptics say dogs can be counted on to follow you through any ordeal—cats merely take advantage of your hospitality.

However, it won't do these skeptics any good to argue with any one of the Fred Lehmkuhl family of Paola, Kansas. The Lehmkuhls have proof of a cat's loyalty to his masters that not even the most stubborn skeptic can deny.

When the Lehmkuhls lived in Great Bend—250 miles away in western Kansas—they had a six-year-old tomcat for a pet. But in the excitement of moving to their new home in Paola, the pet was left behind. They searched everywhere before leaving, but "Tommy" could not be found. So, believing that some neighbor would surely take him in, the Lehmkuhls drove slowly away.

The other day, an insistent scratching and meowing was heard at the backdoor. The children ran to see who wanted in. And there—a year late—sat Tommy, his claws worn and shiny. Tommy was let in and fed. He downed a large bowl of milk, then headed straight for his favorite easy chair to rest his weary bones from the 250-mile hike. There was no doubt about the cat being the Lehmkuhl's old pet. They identified their wandering pet by the scars of old wounds they had nursed back in Great Bend.

Because the cat had never been in Paola before—to the Lehmkuhls' knowledge—how Tommy got there was a mystery. To the Lehmkuhl family it was proof that a cat, if treated with kindness, can be as loyal as any other pet. And over there in his favorite easy chair, stretched out for a nap, is Tommy to prove it!



THREE were times during the last six months when it was difficult for her not to spend those pennies she earned running errands.

Like, for instance, when her friends wanted her to go along with them to the movies on Saturday afternoon, or when the ice cream truck came down her street, bell tinkling, and the youngsters all clustered around buying "chocolate covereds" and "popsicles."

There were lots of times like that. And it was very hard for a little girl of twelve to resist.

But whenever dark-haired Norma Brown, of Roxbury, felt the temptation to spend, she would look down into the sad brown eyes of her little mongrel dog, "Spot," and she knew the pennies just had to be saved.

The memory of that day last August was still fresh—the day she first found Spot lying limp and motionless on the street. There was a crowd around and someone said, "that car really hit him hard."

"Do you think he's dead?" asked another.

"Wonder who owns him?" someone else queried.

But nobody did anything about the dog. And no one seemed to know who owned him. And pretty soon the crowd thinned out and disappeared, leaving the dog alone—hurt and homeless.

Norma picked him up; took him home. With the consent of her mother, Mrs. Ethel Brown, she brought Spot to our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. He had to remain there three weeks. She visited him every day. And then, one day, he was well again and Norma took him home.

"He's mine now, isn't he, mother?" she asked happily.

"I guess he is since nobody has claimed him," replied her mother, "but you know you'll have to have him licensed or they'll pick him up and take him away from you."

So Norma saved her pennies from that day on, foregoing the little pleasures the other kids her age enjoyed.

And then, not long ago, she walked proudly into the Dudley Street police station after classes at school where she is in the seventh grade.

She handed a jar crammed with pennies to Sgt. Thomas P. Gavin and Patrolman Lawrence J. Mitchell.

"I want to get a license for Spot," she asked simply.

The officers counted out the coppers. There were 201. They handed her back a penny and the license.

Norma walked home on air. She was bursting with pride. The little black and white mongrel couldn't stop wagging his tail last night. He seemed to know, as Norma knew, that he was really hers now.

License For "Spot"

Photo and story through the courtesy of the Boston Globe



Norma and "Spot" are two happy companions.

Dogs Know More Than You Think *By Rolland B. Moore*

A VERY peculiar circumstance happened at my dental office last week. Upon hearing a noise in the hall in front of the screen door to my dental office, I went out to investigate and learn its cause.

In front of the door stood a large, smooth-haired black and white dog holding up a badly cut front leg, the cut being located in what would correspond to the forearm of a person. I brought the dog inside, applied mercurochrome, then put on a bandage. To pay me, the dog licked my hand, turned and limped out of the office, down the long hall and on down the stairs, probably on its way home. Its payment to me was worth more to me than money.

On its way to my office door it had left bloody footmarks all the way up the stairs and all the way down the long hall directly to my door. It had passed several other doors but by the bloody tracks it left I could tell it had not even paused at any of them.

How did this dog know to come to a doctor for help even though the doctor was only a dentist and not a veterinarian? The dog was a strange one to me and I had never seen it before. Have dogs the power of second sight? My own dog often shows he knows what I am going to do even before I do it. Can he read my mind?

"Mr. Blue" Takes Over

By Ina Louez Morris

THE young man on the porch was almost in tears and for the life of me I didn't see what I could do about it.

"It isn't that I don't want to care for your ducks while you're in the service," I told him with weary patience. "It's just that we haven't any place to put them...."

"But it's only for the duration," he persisted, "and surely on ten acres of ground you can find a place for six little, old ducks and a drake...."

We were still arguing when Jack, my husband, drove in. The two shook hands and slapped backs and then, in a lull, Don got back to the ducks.

"I'd sell 'em quick as scat," he said mournfully, "if I could find some as good when the war's over. But golly—that drake won first prize at the 4-H Club show and the ducks are pretty fancy stuff. I'd figured on their helping me through junior college this fall, but . . ." He shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

That closing statement did the trick. Without hesitation Jack said, "Sure, we'll look after your ducks."

"Heaven forbid!" I murmured knowing that I'd have full care of them, and wondering where, with three thousand hens to feed, water and keep happy, I'd find time to play nursemaid to a flock of ducks.

Don gave each of his pets a pat on the head, told them a sad goodbye and left with his mind at peace, which was more than I could say for myself.

"You can't put those ducks in the hen house," I told Jack bossily. "They'll make mud soup of the drinking water, and . . ."

"Just for tonight," Jack said calmly. "Tomorrow I'll rig up something."

But tomorrow, as far as the duck's housing project was concerned, never came—as I knew it wouldn't. After changing the hen's drinking water on the hour and the half-hour, I finally gave up, opened the gate and shooed the ducks out.

To celebrate their freedom, the drake invited his harem to the house where the "girls" immediately disappeared

under the porch. While they were quietly occupied in some manner known only to themselves, the drake spied "Mr. Blue" and decided to kill a little time by promoting a feud.

Mr. Blue parted with a few tufts of hair without showing rancor and slunk away, bewildered and saddened by the drake's unfriendliness.

After that, we saw little of Don's darlings except at feeding time. Then, one evening, I noticed that two of the ducks were missing.

"I knew this would happen," I said sourly. "You just can't let ducks roam all over creation and not expect something to happen to them."

A few days later I counted three more ducks as possible casualties, and finally, there was only the drake.

Don wrote regularly asking for a report on his ducks and once he sent a dollar with which to buy feed. We put off writing week after week and then came the big surprise. From under the house waddled two ducks, each trailed by six fuzzy little quackers, all as pert and pretty as a bouquet of daffodils.

I was delighted with them, but Mr. Blue was more so. With tail wagging he examined each in turn from bill to tail, seemingly fascinated by their diminutive "honks." There was no doubt that he was all for adopting them then and there.

In time, all six of the ducks reappeared and we counted thirty-seven ducklings, ranging in color from light cream to deepest yellow.

After the novelty of having them wore off, I focused my attention elsewhere and the drake, finding Mr. Blue's attention to the young ones disturbing to ducklings and mothers alike, led his charges farther and farther into the grove.

Whether it was a dog or a coyote that attacked them, we don't know, but one night we were awakened by a commotion in the grove.

"The ducks!" Jack shouted, leaping out of bed.

Without stopping to dress, we dashed out, stumbling through irrigation fur-



Mr. Blue watches his new charges.

rows half-full of water. Everywhere we looked ducks were running in circles, flapping their wings and honking, while a gray shadow darted here and there.

My husband shouted something and the shadow melted into the grove.

One by one we caught the ducks and ducklings and carried them to the garage. Fortunately, they were more frightened than hurt—all except the drake. He was badly cut about the neck and blood oozed from half a dozen wounds on his back.

"Poor old fellow," Jack said. "I guess he's done for . . ."

"Maybe not," I said, and heaving the big fellow up on to the drainboard, I washed his wounds and smeared them with salve.

The next day, we made a corral, a permanent monstrosity with bits of this and that salvaged from the junk pile.

At the end of the week the drake was still alive and gaining strength from frequent forced feedings, but an injured leg kept him from joining his family, all of which gave Mr. Blue the opportunity he'd long been waiting for. He followed the ducklings around, nudging them to make them quack, went into a tizzy when they swam in the irrigation ditch.

"Of all the old women," I told him, when he jerked a duckling from his bath and tried to dry it with his tongue, "you take the cake!"

Don came home for Christmas that year and, of course, paid his ducks a visit. I thought his eyes would pop out when he saw what his ducks had been up to.

"Boyl!" he said proudly. "If this war lasts a couple more years, I'll really be in the duck business!"

Mail Dog

By Raymond J. Ross

OWNEY was only a pup but he must have thought about the time when he would have to make himself useful in life. So he looked toward the United States mail service as his chosen vocation. Bracing his courage he boldly went down the stone steps that led to the basement of the post office at Albany, New York. Thus began his career.

"Just see the way that dog guards those mail sacks," the tall red-haired mail clerk pointed out to his buddies. "That dog has taken to the mail like a fly to sugar."

Within a few weeks Owney was thrilled when he was lifted into the mail-car. Travel with the mail! His dog heart pounded with joy and his tail wagged double time. As the train sped on its way and Owney stood by the open door he held his head with a dignity that showed he was proud of the honor permitted him, the honor of riding the mail.

In a short time Owney's collar carried railway tags that showed the routes he traveled with the mail cars. So popular became Owney that the North German Lloyd steamers carried him as mail guard several times. There were few postmasters in the United States, Canada or Europe who didn't know him.

So deeply did Owney love the mail service that he would forsake a bone in order to watch over a dusty mail sack.

One time while riding the Canadian mail train he was knocked off his feet by a terrific collision. Four mail employee's were killed and this accident left Owney with one eye and only part of his left ear. One night he spotted a short, stocky man with a three-day growth of beard walk silently up behind a mail clerk. Something snapped in Owney's little head—one grim realization—the mail was in danger! He barked and sprang.

There were tears streaming down nearly every mail clerk's cheeks next morning when the word spread that the United States Postal service had lost in the line of duty a faithful servant of the mail—Owney, Mail Dog, shot defending the property of Uncle Sam.

Not a "Dumb Bunny"

By Jack M. Swartout

TO one who is familiar with the common black-tailed jack rabbit, the term "dumb bunny" seems singularly inappropriate. For "Jack" may be timid, but he certainly is not "dumb." If he were, he probably would have perished long ago.

Although Jack does not himself harm any living creature, he is preyed upon by a host of natural enemies, and in order to survive he has learned to supplement his natural defense—speed—with a number of clever tricks.

One of the most familiar stunts of Jack is his habit of taking aerial observations. While he is bounding away from an enemy, his flight takes on the character of a series of long hops, each of which takes him from twelve to twenty feet farther away from his pursuer. Every so often—about every five or six bounds—he makes an impressive vertical leap, sometimes catapulting himself as high as six feet in the air. This is called the "spy hop," and Jack executes it for the purpose of taking in a view of the situation. He can look backwards to see how well he is eluding his pursuer and he can look forward to make sure that he is not running into a trap.

Because of his speed and his habit of always making sure that he is running in a favorable direction, Jack can usually

outdistance any of his natural four-footed enemies. If the predator is unusually relentless and Jack gets tired of running, however, he frequently will exhibit another clever maneuver—one that almost always throws the pursuer off the track.

To execute this trick, Jack simply spouts far enough ahead of his enemy so that he has time to backtrack on his own trail for a distance of fifteen or twenty yards. Then, giving a long leap, he plumps himself down in a thicket to the side of the trail and hides. When the hound, or whatever animal is chasing him, reaches the end of the trail, he too backtracks. But even his keen nose will not enable him to tell where the hare left the trail, so he finally has to give up.

In many of our "Wild West" movies, we see the same stratagem employed. The hero gallops ahead of the posse and, at a favorable place, dashes off to the side to hide in the brush. A few seconds later, the posse thunders by, never realizing that the hunted person has left the trail. The audience always marvels at the cleverness of the hero who uses this device. Then why should we think of Jack as a dumb bunny? Who knows? Maybe he was the one who gave the original hero the idea.



Photo, Karl H. Maslowski

Here is a black-tailed jack rabbit resting, but alert.



The great seal of the United States bears the bald eagle, adopted as the national symbol in 1782.



A golden lion on a black escutcheon forms the shield of Belgium.



The Norwegian lion holds the hatchet of St. Olaf.



Present on Canada's emblem are the lion and the unicorn.



The lion and the fabled unicorn support the royal shield of Great Britain.

Mammals and Birds in Emblems

Illustrations through the courtesy of the U.S. State Department

IN the national emblems of the United Nations we find a variety of mammals and birds with lions in by far the greatest number, followed by the eagle.

For the most part those animals depicted on the armorial bearings when heraldry started in western Europe, were chosen from those medieval *Bestiaries* so popular at the time. These books depicted conventionalized drawings of various animals and it was in this form that they found their way to the royal shields of the various countries.

So it was that the lion came to be a predominant choice of nobles and kings of the time—since to this noble beast was always attributed strength

and courage, two distinctions highly valued in those days.

Thus, we see the lion appearing nine different times on the national emblem of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, together with that fabled one-horned beast, the unicorn. As is perhaps natural, Canada's seal is very similar with the lion and the unicorn in support of the shield and another lion on the crest holding a red maple leaf, symbolizing Canada.

In the arms of Australia and South Africa, these conventionalized animals are replaced by those indigenous to those countries. Australia makes use of its famed kangaroo and emu, while South Africa features two antelopes, the gemsbok and the springbok.



The kangaroo and emu are represented in the arms of Australia.



Eagle and serpent are found in Mexico's emblem.



The Philippines' coat of arms shows the eagle and the sea lion of Aragon.



The shield of Abyssinia bears the lion, symbolizing, no doubt, that country's emperor, the "Conquering Lion of Judah."



Luxemburg's insignia gives prominence to a red, double-tailed lion.

Emblems of the United Nations

Courtesy of Nature Magazine

and two gnus in one of the quarterings.

The king of beasts also plays a prominent part in the arms of the Netherlands, Luxemburg, Abyssinia, Norway and Belgium.

As for the eagle, the bald eagle has been the symbol of our national sovereignty ever since the committee appointed by the Continental Congress in 1776, ordered a picture of this bird to be placed on the first seal of the United States of North America. This committee consisted of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, and it took six years to decide upon the design for our first seal. The new seal was decided upon finally in 1782. In its talons the eagle

holds a bundle of arrows and an olive branch, signifying preparedness to fight if necessary, but above all, peace.

The eagle appears in the arms of Mexico and the Philippines, the latter also containing the sea lion of Aragon denoting its Spanish culture.

In Bolivia, that country's native condor takes the place of the eagle. This bird, one of the largest flying birds known, soars gracefully at the top of the coat of arms.

The royal seal of Iraq goes back into antiquity in depicting the Babylonian lion and for the opposite holder of the seal, the Arabian horse proudly represents the best of its country's animal inhabitants.



Emblem of the Netherlands features the king of beasts.



The great condor soars at the top of the shield of Bolivia.



Two antelopes, native to South Africa, support that country's arms.



Babylonian lion and Arab horse hold the emblem of Iraq.



A display of prize-winning posters is being shown by Miss Eileen Kelley, Society staff member, to Frances Trainer (left) and Kathleen Donovan, both of Roxbury.

Kindness Week, Number 36

THE week of May 7-13 witnessed the thirty-sixth observance of Be Kind to Animals Week. Each year, the observance of Kindness Week, a celebration originally sponsored by our Society grows larger and larger. Now, a recognized, nation-wide week, it has been set apart for special consideration of our animal friends.

Over its many years of existence, this celebration, has added to its stature, attracting and increasing interest and wider participation on the part of schools, churches, humane societies and civic organizations in nearly every part of our nation.

This has evidenced itself particularly by the large amount of publicity given over to the Week by the newspapers of cities and towns. Stories, editorials, news write-ups, illustrations and cartoons

prove conclusively that the editors and the public are behind this movement and that the news about the celebration has proved of real value in the everyday make-up of the papers.

More recently, radio stations have given their unqualified support and have been most generous of their time in the allotment of broadcasts, particularly stressing animal care and kindness. The words "Be Kind to Animals" have, indeed, become so familiar that famous actors in the entertainment world take special delight in mentioning the event on their programs.

To stress the observance even more, state governors, mayors of cities and many other public officials have endorsed the Week by edict and proclamation. Space at this time permits only a brief outline of the activities in Massachusetts,

but we feel that this is representative of the entire country.

School Exercises

As in previous years our American Humane Education Society issued a new leaflet entitled, "Let's Enjoy Our Animal Friends," a manual for teachers' use during Kindness Week. These were circulated throughout the schools and were in such demand by teachers that a total of 10,000 leaflets were sent out, not only in Massachusetts but in answer to many requests all over the country. Also, posters and other literature were distributed to schools and libraries far and wide.

Radio Broadcasts

Outstanding during the Week were the daily radio broadcasts featured throughout the State. Radio stations were most generous in donating time and we wish here to express our appreciation for their generosity.

As a preview of the Week's activities, our president, Dr. Eric H. Hansen, appeared on television, where he took part in Chick Morris' program "Hobby Hob-Nob," Station WBZ-TV. And during the Week, Dr. Hansen appeared on another telecast, "Shopping Vues" with Louise Morgan, Station WNAC-TV.

Other regular broadcasts included a round-table discussion with Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, Assistant Chief of Staff and Dr. David L. Coffin, Head of the Department of Pathology of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital over Station WEEI, "Animaland" with Margaret J. Kearns, Secretary, over Station WHDH; William A. Swallow, Secretary of the Society and Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, interviewed by Chick Morris, over Station WBZ; "Animal Club of the Air" with Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education and John C. Macfarlane, Director, Livestock Loss Prevention Department, over Station WMEX; Miss Julie Chase, Station WTAG, Worcester; John T. Brown, Agent, interviewed by Ruth Putnam, on Station WESX, Salem; Charles E. Brown, Agent, over Station WNBH, New Bedford and Station WBSM, New Bedford; Harold G. Andrews, Agent, Station WOCB, West Yarmouth; T. King Haswell, Agent, on Station WBRK, Pittsfield; Mr. Cook on "Shoppers Special" over Station WMAS, Springfield; Dr. Alexander R. Evans, Chief of Staff, Rowley Memorial Hospital, over Station WSPR, Springfield; Charles Marsh, Agent, WSPR, Springfield; Spot Announcements over Station WCOP; Priscilla Fortescue mentioning the Week over Station WEEI; Albert A. Pollard, over Station WHYN, Holyoke.

Humane Poster Contest

For many years, our state-wide poster contest for school children has been an integral part of the Kindness Week celebration. This year we received some 5,000 posters from schools in every part of the Commonwealth.

Insofar as possible schools and grades were judged separately, resulting in 525 first prizes, consisting of attractive pins of silver; 511 second prizes of bronze pins of the same design; and 325 subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, being awarded.

Attractive window arrangements of some of the prize-winning posters appeared in the stores of Jordan Marsh Company and William Filene's Sons. The remainder were put on display in our Society's auditorium.

Open House

All during the Week, our "Open House" attracted a multitude of visitors, who came to view the posters, tour the hospital, and view our Society's motion pictures, whose great variety of animal subjects have created a wide interest for old and young alike.

Rowley Day

For the seventh consecutive year, Mr. Burlingham Schurr, Director of the Museum of Natural History and Art, at Holyoke, Massachusetts, set apart one day of Kindness Week which he has called "Rowley Day," in honor of our own Dr. Francis H. Rowley, who was directly responsible for the founding of Be Kind to Animals Week.

The Museum has participated in the celebration of Kindness Week for 23 years and has found that by doing so its programs have furthered the cause of kindness to all living creatures.

During the Week several thousand persons visited the Museum and hundreds of school children participated in contests and story-writing bearing upon the subject of kindly treatment of animals. Rowley Day itself was a banner event with some 800 enthusiastic children attending. During the day, Curator Burlingham Schurr awarded prizes to 75 boys and girls in recognition of excellence and effort in their studies dealing with animals.

Publicity

We are deeply appreciative of all the splendid cooperation afforded us by the press of the State. These newspapers, and especially those of the Boston area, were profligate in running stories, feature articles and pictures both before and during the Week, urging everyone

to join in celebrating Kindness Week and to foster an understanding of our animal friends.

We are especially grateful to the Boston Traveler for the "Personal Postcard" which is one of that paper's new features, attracting a great deal of favorable attention on the part of readers. This item read as follows:

"MR. AND MRS. EVERYONE,
Massachusetts.
Ladies and Gentlemen:

This is Be Kind to Animals Week. By what you say and what you do transmit to the next generation that spirit of humanness which is one of civilization's most fertile seedbeds."

In the Field

As usual, the Rhode Island Humane Education Society cooperated wholeheartedly in the observance of the Week with special humane programs being presented in many schools throughout the State and in wide publicity in numerous newspapers.

Proclamations

As has been said, endorsement, in the way of proclamations, was given the Week by many public officials, including Governor Paul A. Dever.

New England Federation

(Continued from page 4)

Concluding the convention was a question and answer session, led by Carlton E. Buttrick, followed by adjournment.

New officers elected were Reed W. Hitchcock, President (Connecticut); Carlton E. Buttrick, First Vice-President (Massachusetts); William A. McCandless, Jr., Second Vice-President (Maine); Mrs. John R. Rathom, Treasurer (Rhode Island); Miss Agnes Hanley, Secretary (Massachusetts). Directors are Dr. Grace W. Burnett (Vermont); George J. Reilly (Rhode Island); Herbert W. Cooper (Massachusetts).

Boo! Boo! Red Sheep!

WHO'S afraid of a red sheep? A farmer in North Norway believes a fox is. This man owns what is probably the most unusual flock of sheep in the world. Every animal sports a coat of bright red wool. Not that they were born that way. They were dyed. Desperate over repeated attacks on his flock, the farmer dipped the sheep in red dye and since the switch, not an animal has been attacked.—*Ida M. Pardue*.

APPROVED AMENDMENT!



Kindness Week Cartoon by Halladay in the Providence Journal

Society and

Springfield Auxiliary

THE Springfield Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. held its annual meeting on May 11.

An honored guest was Miss Mary Pottenger, retiring supervisor of elementary schools in Springfield, after years of devotion to the youth of her city. A Resolution was passed by the Auxiliary paying tribute to Miss Pottenger for her outstanding record of achievement as General Supervisor of Elementary Education and for her diligent aid in furthering Humane Education in the Springfield Schools.

John C. Macfarlane of the Livestock Loss Prevention Department of the Boston office was the principal speaker, outlining the work done in his department.

Mrs. Paul M. Kellogg, retiring president of the Auxiliary, turned over the gavel to Mrs. William J. Warner. Other new officers include: Mrs. Sherman Voorhees, first vice-president; Mrs. Fred Korbell, second vice-president; Mrs. Morton Miner, recording secretary; Mrs. Magnus Peterson, treasurer; and Mrs. Sidney Stevens and Mrs. Lawrence Davis, director for two years.



Medal for Rescue of Dog

FOR the rescue of a large dog which was struggling in the icy water, last March, Mr. Day Tuttle, Associate Professor of the Theatre of Smith College, was presented with the bronze medal of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., by J. Robert Smith, Assistant to President Hansen.

Mr. Tuttle, hearing the dog's cries, ran out on the ice, but immediately broke

through and was plunged into the water. Two Yale students pushed an old ladder to him, whereupon Mr. Tuttle helped the dog onto the ladder and propelled it to shore.

Miss Mary Pierce, President of the Northampton Auxiliary, is shown with Mr. Tuttle and Mr. Smith.

•

New Nantucket Branch

OUR Society is happy to announce the opening of a new branch, animal shelter and clinic on Nantucket. Having, for the past three years, operated our shelter on Martha's Vineyard and realizing the growing need for like facilities on Nantucket, we have recently purchased land and will erect a small shelter on Atlantic Avenue to be ready for the summer months.

In charge of this new branch will be Dr. W. D. Jones, our veterinarian on the Vineyard. Dr. Jones will conduct a clinic once a week on a year-round basis and our agent, Mr. Ernest Lema, Jr., will be available at all times in the interest of animal welfare. An ambulance has been provided for Mr. Lema's work and, in emergencies, Dr. Jones may always be reached quickly.

We sincerely hope that both the natives and summer residents on Nantucket will find our services worthy of support.



Betty Taylor, Miss Boston Jubilee, was among the visitors Open House Day at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, during the Boston Jubilee. She is shown holding one of the fascinating patients, a pug dog owned by Mr. Charles G. Bancroft (a Director and Trustee of the Permanent Funds of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.) and Mrs. Bancroft of Framingham Centre, while Dr. Peter Olson holds the twin.

—Photo by Joe Paredi, Record-American

Service News

Fiftieth Year for Trustee

LAST May, Charles E. Spencer, Jr., director and trustee of our two Societies, and chairman of the board of The First National Bank of Boston, completed his fiftieth year as a banker.

At the age of 17, Mr. Spencer started his banking career as a clerk at a bank in his home town of New Brunswick, N. J. Then, following his graduation from Rutgers Preparatory School, he took his first real job with the National Bank of New Jersey.

In 1918 he came to Boston as deputy governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston and in 1920 was elected vice-president of The First National Bank of Boston. He became president of that bank in 1938 and chairman of the board in 1947.

The companies and corporations which he serves as director include the John Hancock Mutual Insurance Company, Arthur D. Little, Inc., New England Telephone & Telegraph Co., Reed & Barton Corporation, Reece Corporation, United-Carr Fastener Corporation and United Shoe Machinery Corporation. In addition to being trustee of our Societies, he also serves in that capacity for the American Optical Company and the Children's Hospital.

Our appreciation and gratitude go to Mr. Spencer as well as the other brilliant financiers who care for our invested funds. Without their generous services in caring for our investments, we would never have been able to withstand some of the financial storms of the past.



Dr. Schnelle in Amherst

DOCTOR Gerry B. Schnelle, Assistant Chief of Staff at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, addressed the meeting of the Massachusetts Veterinary Association at Amherst, Mass., in regard to the diagnosis of infectious diseases common to the New England area, with particular reference to the aids to diagnosis obtained from the laboratory.

The laboratory assists in the diagnosis of distemper by segregating other diseases from the distemper complex.



Kevin Flynn and Elaine Plunkett study the birds and animals.

Children View Wild-Life Panorama

FOR the past year the American Humane Education Society has been actively engaged in enlarging and expanding its educational program. Experience has proved that among the many groups of children that come to our auditorium, excited and happy, to see animal films, learn of proper care and responsibility for their pets, and visit the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, many are unfamiliar with common animals found on the New England countryside. To introduce these animals to such children of the city, who seldom have the opportunity to visit the country, the Society has brought the country to the city in the form of a large wild-life panorama. Eight feet long and four feet deep, this habitat group of wild mammals and birds has a typical colorful background of a New England field and forest. Real rocks, leaves, mosses, and trees add to the realism of the scene, where a bluebird, towhee, scarlet tanager, flicker, red-eyed vireo, phoebe, muskrat, cottontail rabbit, shrew, red squirrel, and skunk are placed in this natural background. Most of these animals can be discovered not too far distant from city limits. By means of a talk explaining the habits and interrelationships of the animals in the exhibit, the children are helped to acquire a feel-

ing of familiarity and friendship toward the animals which they are seeing, perhaps for the first time, at such close range.

We usually discuss the animal's food requirements, his methods for protecting himself, and his benefits to mankind. In the case of birds, we mention their fascinating habits of migration, their ability at nest building, and perhaps give an imitation of their song. Thus we hope that in some small way we are aiding the youngster to gain an appreciation for all animal life, so that when he does get out into the country on a hike or camping trip, he will be able to see and hear the wonders of nature surrounding him and to appreciate all life with a deeper insight. Thus they may become friends with nature.

The electric bird-naming game is another attraction in our office. By means of two pointers, the youngster designates a bird's picture, and then looks for the name of the bird at the bottom of the wooden board. If he indicates the correct name with the picture, a buzzer and a light let him know that he is right. This game is set up with twenty pictures of birds in this vicinity. Yet it is surprising how few the average child recognizes. However, by playing the game he does learn by trial and error.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course we cannot promise to print everything received but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



Robert Simonson, age 6, of Lanesboro, Minnesota, has lots of pets. His three cats are more interested in their dinner than they are in having their picture taken, and his two white rabbits didn't even put their little pink noses in, but the ducks sat up and smiled for the camera.

"Pickels"

By Frances M. Pickins (Age 9)

MY aunt has a dog named "Pickels." Now Pickels is two years old and is very smart. When the boys go over to Memorial High School to play baseball Pickels follows them across. When he sees the boys, he wags his tail and waits for them to throw the stick or stone, and runs after it and brings it back.

Now, one night Pickels snapped at me, and I got frightened and started to cry, so Pickels came over and licked me on my face.

Perfect Baby Sitter

By Charlotte Harris (Age 11)

WHEN I told my friend, Cathy, that I would take care of her Cocker Spaniel, "Pepper," for ten days, I didn't dare tell our "Duna" about it. Duna, who is part Setter and part unknown, is seven years old and has ruled the house for years.

His first reaction to Peppy was, "A playful young pup, Humph!" Pepper followed Duna around everywhere. For the first few nights Peppy whined, and then we had a bright idea! We put Duna in the garage with Peppy at night. He was a "Perfect Baby Sitter!" Duna didn't think much of this idea, but he stayed in the garage until Peppy got to sleep and then he barked and asked to come in. This worked perfectly! Duna was very patient until almost the last day. In the afternoon, before their supper, Duna took Peppy to a friend's house, a few blocks away. He was thoroughly fed up with the puppy so he left him there and Pepper didn't follow him home!

"Here Peppy, here Peppy!"

Duna came, but no Peppy. Where was he? Every one whistled and looked everywhere. My sister Jean went out on her bicycle to look for Peppy, but she didn't find him. Mommy and I went out on foot to look, too.

Mom and I were both greatly relieved when we saw Billy Chatfield, who lives a few blocks away, with Peppy in his arms. So we took Peppy home and gave him his dinner. He was perfectly satisfied and stayed home from then on.

Lost Kittens

ONCE upon a time we took a walk by a barn. We heard a cat meowing. We looked around and found the cats. They were in the barn. We carried them home and took care of them. We gave them a bed and food to eat. The cats were wild when we got them. They are not wild any longer.

The cats are very pretty colors. One is white and one is gray. The other is black.

—By Mattie Bone (Age 11)



"Pammie" ready for a frolic.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Wrens' Shirt

By Fanny Hazelton Baker

ONE of the first things that Susan noticed about her Aunt May's home when she came to visit her, was an old work shirt that seemed to be always hanging on the clothes line.

"Yes, my dear," was her aunt's smiling reply, "That is the wrens' shirt."

"The wrens' shirt!" exclaimed Susan, "why birds only wear feathers."

"I know, but just by accident, I discovered that wrens often like a shirt to sleep in. One day I left my washing out very late, and it was almost dusk when I rushed out to bring it in. I was surprised when I reached up to take the pins from one of your uncle's shirts, to feel motion inside, and before I could think, a little wren flew out, and vanished into a bush."

"Oh, what a shame to wake it up!" cried Susan.

"That's what I thought, I had a real guilty feeling about it. Then the thought struck me that I could make amends, putting out a shirt just for the wrens to use. I buttoned it part way, and pinned up the sleeves as well as the lower part, making a nice big pocket. There has scarcely been a night since when it has not been occupied by one, or several wrens."

"I wish I could see them," said Susan.

"You watch this evening, and you'll see that about dusk the oldest wren will come along to perch on the clothes line, or on a tree, and call and call, loudly, time and again. When he thinks he has done his part in summoning the other wrens to bed, he will make a high dive into the shirt, and settle down for the night."

"Last year, after winter had really started, and the wrens seemed to have gone, I brought in the shirt, washed it, and put it away for the season."

"Well, do you know, on the first spring day the wrens came back. I heard such scolding from the garden, I was puzzled to know what could be the matter. I wondered if a prowling cat, or a snake were about. I saw that one wren in particular was scolding away and looking meaningfully at the back door."

"I thought that it might be one of last year's wrens, and it was trying to tell me that the shirt was missing. At once I went out with it, and pinned it well on the line with four good pins."

"Do you know, the wren stopped making a racket right away; it was laughable."

"It shows that the wrens feel at home here," Susan said.

"Yes indeed," replied her Aunt May, "and when they are ready to nest, they know there are several nice little bungalows on the edge of the porch that they are welcome to use. So the wrens really do live with us."

Answer to Frog Crossword Puzzle which appeared in the June issue: ACROSS—2. Sock, 3. Carrot, 7. Own, 9. Lap, 10. Me, 11. Trial. DOWN—1. Ice, 4. At, 5. Ruler, 6. Top, 8. Nod, 10. Mt., 12. Lb.



This is "Duckie Daddles," who belongs to Jane and Johnny. They have lots of fun watching him swim in his special tub.



After his swim he perches on Johnny's knee to dry in the sun, but Jane and Johnny know that it is not good for him to be handled, so they are very gentle with him. After a while he waddles back to join his brother and sister ducklings.

Photos by Ruth H. Dudley



"Deadheading" Dog

By Joseph Lee

PASSENGERS on the Long Island Railroad between 1901 and 1914 were probably amused by the sight of a small brown and white puppy who usually occupied a seat at a window, gazing out at the passing scenery.

To trainmen, however, it was a different story, for the dog, "Roxie," was known and loved over the entire division, being permitted to ride anywhere with no worries about fares. His deadheading pass was the silver-plated collar he wore, a gift from the trainmen and engine crews of the railroad who lived at the YMCA in Long Island City. On the collar was engraved, "Roxie, the Railroad Dog."

After riding as far as he pleased, Roxie would leap down from his seat and patter to the door. As the train stopped at the station he had selected he jumped off and went on about his way. After a tour of the town, he would return at his own time and wait for the next train to come in, in any direction he pleased. If he liked its looks, he would climb aboard and ride until he felt like getting off again.

This was the dog's regular life for several days or a week at a time, during which he covered as much ground as any of the regular employees. When he got tired, he would return to the YMCA and remain there for a number of weeks before setting off on his travels again.

The cute and appealing Roxie came into the welcoming and friendly arms of the Long Island in the summer of 1901. A pretty young woman gave him over to the baggageman to be returned at the end of her trip. But she never did come to claim the dog, who promptly attached himself to the system.

Numerous efforts were made to contact anyone who might know anything of him, through the use of newspaper advertisements, but all to no avail. Eventually Roxie was taken to the YMCA where the trainmen lived between their runs. Here he received excellent care, his meals being the spare lunches of the men and choice tidbits other dog lovers carried home to him.

When he began riding the trains the men worried over his long absences and they then took up a collection to buy him the famous collar.

Occasionally, a cranky passenger would complain about the dog not riding in the baggage car where he belonged, and, on these occasions, the brakeman would lead the dog into the next car where he got another window seat. Some of the trainmen went so far as to say the dog had a most disgusted look on his face as he went into the next coach.

The presence of Roxie on trains in direct violation of the rules was generally overlooked by most of the super-

visory employees, who secretly had a love of dogs and especially their own junior employee, Roxie.

Roxie died in 1914 and is buried now where he can still hear and see the Long Island Railroad to which he brought much favorable publicity and made for a friendlier spirit, while some of the old timers still recall the little dog, who used to ride the trains as long as any of the regular employees.

Charles K. Bolton

We announce with regret the passing on May 19th of Charles Knowles Bolton, of Shirley, Mass., at the age of 82. Mr. Bolton was for many years a Director of our American Humane Education Society and a Vice-President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Even after his retirement as a Director he retained a keen interest in the work of the Societies, and was a frequent correspondent of the Editor and Secretary.

Mr. Bolton received an A.B. degree from Harvard in 1890, and was employed at the Harvard College Library and, later, at the Brookline Library. He served as librarian of the Boston Atheneum for 35 years, retiring several years ago. He was the author of numerous books and papers, his interests ranging from heraldry to genealogy, and was a member of the American Antiquarian Society, and the Genealogical Society.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to his wife, Mrs. Ethel Bolton, and two sons Stanwood K. Bolton of Concord, a Director of both of our Societies and a member of our Executive Committee, and Geoffrey Bolton of Shirley.

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Obd. Co., 135-57 Washington St., Boston; C. H. Buddin & Co., 3 Franklin St., Boston; Skipton Kennel Shop, 682 Huntington Ave., Boston; Marcus Kennel Shop, 1427 Beacon St., Brookline; A. H. Proctor & Co., 617 Concord Ave., Cambridge; The Whittemore Co., 30 Harrison St., Roslindale; Beaver Brook Grain Co., Waltham; The Dog Shop, 51 Washington St., Wellesley Hills.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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